



sword of angst

EXISTENTIAL OUTSIDER POETRY

2012 - 2016

I AM ACCIPITRIDAE !

ensorcelled by the mare
under orphic crepuscule
i stand

cold and cruel glacial winds
i confront
courageously
wings those of a mighty bird
across my tattered scapulae
i spread

the sorcery of many gipseian moons
i behold

sonorous echoes across the vale
responding just like thunder
to my ever echoing
fiery proclamation :

i am Accipitridae !

BLACK ROTTEN MAGISTRATE

the signal starts to fade in God's aphelion waste :

an effigy of human beauty smashed
by the bluntness of the warhammer !

molestation will happen here tonight

a million-fathom-deep ugliness ever multiplying !
its reflections are counted in the millions !

behold rotten magistrate ! the corruptors and the defilers !

those whom abandoned forbearance ! dignity ! humility !

the secret agents of Satan, in service of Satan...

novellas of perverse fantasies disguised
as tomes of scriptural musings...

sardonic homily blasphemous—

"let the children come unto me" !

screams of carnal anguish echoed
from within monasterial rooms :
thousand-year shrines defiled by hands
puppeted by the horned Satan !

hortatory rapturous screams from the feast—
episcopal palace in disgrace

Thyestean banquets unceremonial
and a Sadist polemic towards cruelty
rule these nights of horror...

false priest— with your pig's snout and mare's arse !

brandisher of the hooked whip
onto the ravaged body of Christ
you are !

the perfusion of tainted blood
through tainted vessels you are,
a strain of viral diabolism !

Christ at the column, scourged
you are not ! definitely and absolutely not

but what are you, then?

you are an argument !

an argument for torture,
for incarceration, for spittings and for beatings,
for lapidation and for defenestration

you are an argument for indignant treatment
of all sorts and kinds—sterilization,
sexual castration, mutilation, dismemberment...

punishment in the fashion of Assyria !

i shall rip the robe of skin off
this putrid pile of flesh you call
the body of a vicar of God

you horripilate the furthest sensors of my soul :

perfidious enemy, king of enemies –
false impostor dog !

THE MAN OF DOUBT

no one in his right senses
would entrust the universe
his random luck in life

we must refuse a life duped
under silk palms of charlatanry
shall we want to be honest !

no chance, no dumb luck – hard work prevails...

luck is temporary, honesty is eternal,
and only **G O D** is real !

and Honesty in Man
is the work of a Living God !

and yes – now, my dream is to hover
like a beautiful melody without end
over the monotonous blastbeats
of eternity evermore

nowadays, i have come to insight,
that i do not expect much from this world... –
it can be a vile, sad, dark place !
and i shall let it remain as such !
the chains are too heavy...
i expect instead to have to work hard
to discover what i seek in it,
for it is hidden, buried, lost and forgotten –
and has been, for a long time...

i ! –

i want to become
a dangerous human

and i have learned

that no human being is more dangerous
than he who has endured great suffering
for the cause of his faith or beliefs or ideals...

but also, that none is weaker
than he who never sacrificed
anything for anything else !

he who never took a hit
in the name of something worthy !

so much more complex
is a man doubting,

so much naiver,
a man certain !

POEM TO GREAT MAUI

Great Maui !

swing your stone sword
as to cleave the earth
and let muck and soil
bleed from the wounds
you strike open !

rip it awide and steal the fire from within
and give the powers of it to us humans

when it's cold and when its dark
and when the freezing moon might obsess us !

great Maui, swing your magic fish-hook crafted
from the jawbone given as a gift of initiation-into-
manhood and heroism by Murirangawhenua !

great Maui,
travel quickly like the sun used to do
across the sky kingly
before your fish-hook caught it
and caused it to slow down

and nowadays the solar king Tamanuitera
is in captivity and in submission !

Maui...

show me the way to death
and let me die the very way you died

my hero, point me the way to the womb-gates of
Hinenuitepo—the woman of night and sunset !

Maui !

allow me too to change into the shape of the worm
and enter her mythical hole

i will travel through her belly
upward the spinal column
and proceed to escape through her throat,
slithering out of her mouth
as she is dwelling her deep opium sleep

allow me too to fail in this plan
and allow me too to be crushed
by the obsidian teeth littered all across the labia
surrounding the collapsed quasar,
the ultra-massive black hole
that is her cosmic vagina,
the birth-hole from where Night itself came—
the awesome darkness of Hinenuitepo !

ZARTOSHT & THE TETRAHEDRON OF FIRE

Zartosht came storming down the hillside
with a tail of squirming serpents
and engulfed in thick moth-clouds

he proclaimed high the vision
of a man made out of flesh—
but a flesh made out of steel

his fingers were as knives,
and an oily aura, an emptiness
emitted from an iron anus,
scolding hot and burning from the lava-heat
and from the fumigating excrements of the world !

and this flesh of steel,
it gleamed like a polished weapon in the sun,
and Ahura Mazda rejoiced over it, blessed it !
Ahura Mazda rejoiced and celebrated the human spirit

Ahura Mazda acknowledged
the human pursuit for knowledge

this certain quality we humans possess,
this inquiry into everything,
the human experiment with curious scrutiny
which never stops !

Zartosht revealed himself shining
in armor and embellished with the ruby crown,
his sword was sharp
and it was indeed craftful :

it is forged in a blacksmith on the moor
and with tools traded from the tribes
of steppe-peoples to the east...

and the fire which bound the metals into a sword
to cleave the neck of Azi Dahaka
was indeed the fire of Ahura Mazda !

verily, the solar king decrees
from the pulpit of Zoroastrian existentialism :

the aura of the human spirit is full of carbon subnitride
and the enemy is a ghost made of sparks and faint lights

the radiant crown of Ahura Mazda
emits an electrothermal heat
five-hundred-thousand degrees hotter
than the human heart

a new explanatory model and a religious underpinning
to how we ought to explain the mechanisms
of the fire tetrahedron has been sought but not found

Zartosht himself sought the wisdom of the mountain
but came down therefrom a man transformed—
a wolf and a fool one half each !

he had crossed the tetrahedron of fire !

his breath had become the vapor of balsa-wood and his flesh had turned
into coal ! his body was covered in an oil of existence which forced him
into refuge from human worlds because everywhere there are sparks !

and not yet may he become the fire of Ahura Mazda because he has not
yet enough oxygen to nurture its flame in eternity...
weary and destitute, Zartosht grabbed his wandering staff and consulted
the star-sky and some air-spirits for a direction towards the silence of
days — then, during the first hours of the night, he abandoned the
townsfolk and the Holy flame extirpated unattendedly the morning after

it would have been very embarrassing—had they cared...
no one cared ! no one could be bothered...

everyone slept in that morning because it had been a festive night before
it, and it was the very same night the prophet left

the townsfolk soiled themselves
with their spiritual child-play !
they mismanaged and they malnourished
the Holy Eternal Flame, and not only that :
they confessed to the feasting

upon every single one – *every single one* –
of Ahriman's execrable excesses !

Zartosht had had enough and left for good...

FRENZIED INTRUSION INTO PSYCHO-SPIRITUAL BLOODSTREAMS

a blast of anxiety and panic, a thunderbolt !

and i have not longer control – i lost it !

something intrusive jolts my spiritual neurons and cells...

waves of hostility vibrate my sensory frame

i shake ! i twist ! i howl ! my counter-intelligence fails –
paranoia is always a usurper...

i empty my bowels and my bladder upon the earth :
bowels do not care about my spasms and my angst !

the psychological dystonia invades the holiest of privacies,
breaching walls thought of as unbreachable, inviolable
desecrating all the sacred lines and delineations
a frenzied intrusion into the psycho-spiritual bloodstreams...

it is true, alas ! i can no longer mentally differ
this parasitic force from myself !

it festers within, and it nests

an envenoming psychic vampirism spreading virally

spasms and visions from unvisitable dimensions manifest

i stand there suddenly, on a mountain !
the floor shifted beneath my feet, and i stand now
at the epicenter of it all, Great Abyss !

a sun occult on the rise ! i see all now !

i now understand Dostoevsky, finally...

torn by spiritual cramps
and epileptic seizures,
the Great Revelation !

i understand the total cosmic irrelevance
of our presence and existence
and how it could crush the human spirit
just the human truly understood it,
and what is more, is the total form of loneliness
it enables and brings along
were we to accept it

a confrontation with the true reality of things
is as inevitable as it is fundamentally eschatological

we exist meaningfully only insofar as we feel we do :

IN LOVE WITH THE BEHEADED GODDESS

i further my campaigns of exploration
and i penetrate the rugged wall of nature
i travel routes of marching ants
until i reach the temple of the insect deity

a place where clusters of moths and cicadas
swarming on walls of mossy stone
give off the eeriest stench of life

a place where the great caterpillars

fail over and over in their ascents to excellence
and becomes instead, over and over,
one of those cursed butterflies
that comes to die defeatedly
in the bellies of defeated romantics

a long time ago those frail wings
had fluttered spastically in the pangs
of exhilarated regeneration
but they soon burnt off in the heat of sun,
and now the butterflies lie dead and rotting
in the bellies of the young and copulating couple
trampled by the sacred soles of Chhinnamasta,
the beautiful, the terrifying, the murderous !

and there i sleep my night's sleep of beauty

CIRCLE OF DEAD FAERIES

upon the hill
a circle of dead faeries
strangled and abused
arranged as works of art
in ritual geometry obscure

there is a skin woven
over and around
the sun tonight

and in the center of that skin
there is a miniscule hole
from which a piercing ray of light
emerges violently

it strikes me
and i have become
epicentral to the world

i have become
the receptacle
of a violent collision
of earthly and unearthly energies !

THE ONE WHO SITS IN FIRE

saprophytic mist of parasite surrounds he who sits in fire !

cauldron boiling with the cursed blood
of a hundred martyrs misunderstood !

leprous and forlorn
upon abandoned throne of dead calliphoridae

from his mouth a vortex
gives birth a deadly storm
and through a throat-tunnel
something vertiginous becomes... to twisted shape !

violent eruptions in the soul – spasms of fiery Metanoia

the tidal current of the sea-worm
unhinges over dark oceans
sleeping like children in utero
before the rape of their mothers

star-vomit cyclones
burst from tornado-eye of Belial !

BASILISK OF DEATHLY MANA

blood oration sacrifice !
to a basilisk of deathly mana...

an experiment goes awry
in its sincere mission of purification

the hands that conducted it with such ardor and enthusiasm
now digs the earth desperately for nutrients
in shame and in regret—but there is only clay there

they stumble and fall into tremors and spinal paralysis,
downward slopes, muddy from their shame
and irrevocable degeneration

nine primordial Frankish strongholds
to the west

the two Cimmerian and Sarmatian steppe-kingdoms
to the east

and twelve tribes of Nubians and Ge'ez
to the south

all eclipse under the ancientmost
of fire crescents on the sky !

a Holy vexation of spiritual disease
prepares for total doomsday

THE COSSACKS OF SAPOROG

DRAFT A MANIFESTO

*inspired by the notoriously famed (but historically contested
correspondence between the Zaporozhian Cossacks and Mehmed IV,
the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, in the late 17th century.*

you ! comrade of Satan in the abyss of Hell !

Highest Sultan of the Turks, footstool of the Greeks,
nothing but a Babylon's maid in the great scopes of history !

nothing but Jerusalem's armorer,
you sand-colored swineherd of Alexandria !

terrible beast of Kamenets !
you are of no fit to rule true Christians...

dwelling grounds of all accursed asps of the world :
we will not surrender to you !
rather, we will fight with you on land and sea !

the Sultan is but a nasty glob of spit !

and that is how a *Cossack* would answer you !

the Devil shits, and your armies eat it !

you swine's snout and a mare's asshole...

dogs of Allah,
go fuck your whore mothers !

OUR MARY OF FIRE & SILENCE

small children are used and abused on a daily basis,
but what person could possibly do such a heinous deed ?

how could someone gather the pathos to rape and torment
for the gluttonous sake of egotistic pleasure ?

a twisted and gross and vile human being if any !

how is it that some men and women are immune
to the joyous mirth of infants ?

how is it
that some men break the law of flesh, lusting primally,
failing with the discipline of the body ?

it seems they cannot muster the agency required
to delimit themselves from themselves
as agents of a perverse, degenerate masculinity

they failed and their beasts and demons took over !

a poison-dart aimed at every Hero –
so, never succumb.
keep God close !

nowhere in the Bible does Satan rule hell – unless hell is earth,
and earth is hell ! Satan rules over matter, over flesh, over the world...
however, ultimately stuck in the material, Satan is !

remember that in Dante, the inner circle of hell is a land of cold
and eternal winter, with Satan himself frozen solid into a block of ice

frozen shut the Devil is, into the ices of all sins and vices...

Satan is the bringer of evil inclinations,
sinful suggestions and primeval lusts...

Satan is testing us everyday

and yielding, still, to His dances of sybaritic abandon
is the lot of fools and weaklings !

endure the eternal molestation of sin ! *keep God close !*

and keep the Holy Mother in your ever embrace :

i beg you welcome to Marian sodality...

Marian antiphons reverberate :
"Alva Redemptoris Mater..."

temper yourself ! like Jesus calmed the storm of Galilee...

THE DEVIL IS IN THE DRUGS

the abuse of drugs !

an everlasting dance with devil and folly ?

men have been architects of altered consciousness
since men barely existed

and, before the age of industrialization,
a problem barely existed — but now so does

* * *

in the rugged badlands above Persian Empire the Sun
and Ottoman Empire the Moon, where Scythes
and Huns and Sarmates once reigned, there are still
half-steed-half-man tribes boiling dry leaves of ganja
and other steppe-herbs with an iron bowl in an enclosure,
and the smoke rises from the bowl and hexes the congregants
into a warm, deep, lulling drone of cannabine stupor

psychedelic vortices gloam all around them !

psychotomimetic gyrations turn into spiral warps
penetrating even a thickness as the human mind

seductress-demons
of my Dantesque
visions and worlds !

take me home ! —
i lay down my weapons again !

... where is my damn pipe !!!

vaporizers of dangerous Amanita life-forms
in proto-medieval Upplandic pastures and Shamanic woodlands !

chewers of the Kat in the slums of Sana'a and Mogadishu !
obsessed followers of Great Toad God Bufo !
devotional congregants of the *Ya Ba* eucharist
in the ghettos of Bangkok !

Parisian starry absinthe nights !
the warm opium fever, the red wine revelations
and exotic leaves of cannabis and tobacco...
Finnish vodka in a sauna and brännvin on midsummer's eve !
Moroccan desert dunes, the foothills of the Atlas
and eternal Afghan plains of wild ganja...

Guangzhou dens of tobacco and opium
and Sonoran drylands of all cacti and toads...

Gabonese iboga lands of shrub and lichen
and by Andean foothills, the coca groves abound...

like vultures are we all upon these treasures...
insectile, clustering, swarming !
our hands breaching, clawing
upon the gates of artificial paradise

but alas, there are many venoms, ills, spites and curses
weaponized by the lizard of addiction

i ponder whether i should stop this doped folly once and for all !
as i lose myself again in dazing fumes of nitrous oxide
in a proud Jamesian tradition...

stinky caravans of destitute Hashish-flamers
disappear above the curvature of the earth

i once belonged to them ! and vomit gropes my bellum...
i now hurl curses and spites against
the inebriated mass which moves all around me,
but of which i am undeniably myself a part !

all the lusts and the sins and the vices !

ten-thousand shames, regrets and hatreds,
pains and torments and anguished despairs –
the fungi from which the parasite ever feeds !

the demons never go hungry !

the allurements of the imps of Satan
coax the sorry human soul into total darkness !

accursed truants of life itself they become,
swallowed by the needle ocean... deep and cold, miserable Hell...

OLD WOUND, NEW FLESH

the hyacinth dies in torrid sun
and dark eggs hatch not long after

spiders emerge from spider-holes

the world goes insane in a heartbeat
blood-clots from old wounds !

mares and bitches howl in the night
for revenge and for total destruction

the stink of the yeast of their harpy vulvas
billow upwards, a smokey contour...

old wounds !

now they are young ever again !
not even the blood of suffering
can resist the impulse of aging backwards

and the young ***** dried
with the salinity of wombs that got old

the world became sand
and it was a total desiccation of culture

and all the while, the young ***** leered
with the spite of spiders

PLANETARY CALDERA

smashed ivory towers i can see !
fallen brickwork...

dying dragons gasping for carbon dioxide,
donkeys running amok, dogs raping other dogs...

destroyed bridges fallen into chasms
and downward slopes of great and rugged cliffs...

old women are molested
tragically
as if they were young again

all the bees have died out as well

look at all of it,
these mounds of death and stone,
all bones and all the ash

there is great poetic beauty here

air and fire met and married in infernal annihilation

a fallen and ruinous volcano is an entrance
to something different entirely

its spit is lava
and its breath is a fog of demons
created and fostered by the fire
burning in its Satanic belly...

LITURGICAL CONFESSION TO THE GREAT ELK OF DEATH

a nothingness fills up with somethingness,
which is an erratic randomness—
nevertheless, a somethingness

and this something forms in the distance

at first, we can barely see it

later, we cannot, at any price, unsee it

a silhouette behind the horizon —
Lovecraftian, nightmarish contour

summon it, perform its miracle,
invoke it, call upon it
and worship its numinosity,
make it your focus, revere its avatar
— or just wait long enough—
and it will reveal !

there is no running,
no hiding !

Great Horned Elk
i see you ! manifest !

ever-revealing beast of fate,
great and kingly Megaloblatta,
tetherer of the blattaria legions !

duke of death, entropy's potentate
sitting there on your throne-clouds
of holocaust, ice and vapor !

and death in the sky, i see your dread :
absorb your poison do i !

encircling with nasty and protruding tentacles
the towering brickwork of Babel do you

an inhabitant of nightmares, glistening
like a sun on some heaven azure are you

with regalia rotten, a corona so pungent
even comets re-draw their trajectories
in order to avoid playing dangerous games
with you—the foulest star of them all !

for you are entropy, and without you we cannot live

you outspan all

in weirder sparks of philosophy
and in desultory flashes of spontaneous revelation
you can be seen in the above,
and i can see into your burning eye-centre
clearer by each day !

t h a n a t o g n o s t i c
p h e n o m e n o l o g y

i collect death !

flakes of wisdom, droplets of
dangerous and contagious knowledge
moisten the air and pour down
like some sour vinegar rain

i fall on my back
to the humid autumn grass
and catch whatever i can thereof,
with my mouth and my lips and my tongue !

Great Elk !
Holy death-figure

behind you follow the lesser ranks of your entourage :

roach-royalties carrying themselves on frail wings...
ant-emperors making their last journey from the hill...
elements of scolopender nobility muttering and stuttering...

and as do i, like them !

those little insects sold their bug-souls
for power and the Mammonic glory,
and they furthered the pedigree of Ba'al on this earth !

and punished they will be,
repentant they will be,
a kingdom of dirt and dust they shall inherit
and crestfallen they shall become...

at the command of your steel-bearing appendage
the prince of crown opiliones fell from grace !

it fell corrupt—and the world burned for it

hurt by public outrage it become
in scandal after scandal after scandal

driven to the brink the opilion-prince became
to an equally public suicide !
for you are mighty—and you oust life itself !

it is true !
life is unfair...
in this world.
some will achieve redemption
and some will die seeking

some will be kings of mighty courts;
some will be heroes of myth and saga,
some will kill the dragon
and marry the virgin

others will be urinated on,
tortured and left for dead—

**ravaged then by troops of bandits
and packs of wild necrophiles !!!**

life is unfair
but death is an equator
of Holy justice

Holy and Holy
Death !

you are manifest and you are the path forward,
indubitable, abominable, true

you are the egg-bearer which puts
the conundrum of death
into the hearts of all bearing mothers

you struggle under no flag,
you are loyal to no denomination
and you are uproarious
to all hierarchies of man...

for you are the abomination of death
and you fight a war of attrition against life,
against the whole world, really—
and we do best in not rousing you
should we wish to keep what is inside, in
and what is outside, out

and who can verily refute you—
save a God in excellence
or a beast of the forest
with all its gullible
and primordial ineptitudes ?

reciters, scribes and votaries
of the great scorpion-barbed truth
empty themselves of blood
on their ephemeral ravenstone
even before any executor
could go about their grisly work

death on the earth—we feel your dread
and absorb your poison we shall !

just like the bright moon's reflection
flower and spellbind in the dark waters
is death in blossom in all of us

Holy death, great and terrible
i bend my knees for it ... !

i admire its incarnations when i see them,
and i heed its messengers, converse with its pupils

great beetle of the skies
with your wings and eyes of death,
i ask into the void with screams and shouts :

what pilgrim can reject the worship of his final shrine of pilgrimage, and
what adventurous traveler would scoff at the thought of his destination ?
what emperor can reign with might without death and violence as
consorts, and what hero of the old world could ever afford to tremble in
fear and the loss of hope— a most terrible foreboding— at the sight of
Tiamat ? To stand in the very breath of the great beast of meaning, the
glistening one, the one auspicious in chaos, the dragoness of eschatology
and of existentialism !

* * *

i am weary and my feet hurts !
i take shelter in the carcass
of a once great
Ornithoptera alexandrae

symbol of beauty and of majesty –
now an ornament to death
a gift it has become... a sacrifice and a tribute
an offering to the great and terrible Megaloblatta !

you send your eight-legged auxiliaries
to terrorize the human
with hard-earned acumen,
erudition in death,
and the offering of solace
in spiritual struggle and toil

your insects bite their way
into warm belly-buttons
therein laying their eggs

the egg sac bursts, and

out seep them in lumps of fear
and crawl do them in hundreds, in thousands

and each one with something
acute, dire, urgent to say to us

but all this wisdom
and all these truths
are lost to us

because we just scream
and scream and scream
and continue to scream

in fear !
in disgust !
in terror !

death hides life and darkness hides light
but we are too scared to look there

but i !

i see your beauty, and absorb your beauty do i

death in the sky, i see you dread—
i would never refuse your poison !

for i *love* you !

i worship you !

great Elk...
visit me again
in my visions and dreams...

THE SEED OF DISCORDIA

envenom ! **** and enslave !

tether to your flesh, me

abandon, scourge and punish :
wreak debauchery and hell
on my palpitating flesh of marble !

yet—still i stand

bring rain, bring doubt, bring stress !
put me under scaphism—
truly am I deserving of that—
for strong were the venoms and evils
of my zealous terrorism !

sow the seed of Discordia
within, afront, behind and without me

immure me for ages !
defenestrate my tattered being
and coerce my spirit to surrender,
withdraw

lapidated on fields of flowers
and left then for food to dogs feral

... but i stand !

make a changeling and call it by my name !

make an endling out of me
and smear then my lineage forever !

it will matter not at all
still i stand !

open up your large
menacing
black
hole

do what you need to do to me

you will still lose,
you will lose regardless,
and you will lose
either way !

BONE AWL & SABRE ERECT

bone awl and sabre erect !
halberds erect ! the arbalests are ready !
slingshot, trebuchet, machine gun loaded !

different times, that's for sure,
but the sentiment is all the same !!!

a nuclear bomb detonates in every clash
between the axe and the sword

human cadence and elegance in existence
turns bleak with the tide of centuries

and it will be interesting for how long
we can put on a smile and put on a show

holding no scruple, taking no captive
is the history in which
we are immutably fixed !

THE FINAL SOLUTION TO THE MANKIND QUESTION

man raped nature ! the bravado !

man raped his own dignity in the process...

you ! – singular creature chosen for your intelligence,
for your ethic capability, skill and sense of reason !
for your strength in character and common *nous* !

but your weak attempts
couldn't appear to be more failing
in the apparent mission at hand

and nature shall respond
with the total and absolute effacement
of human history and her memory

lurid flames !

a rainstorm of cruor skies descending
roaring, belching

the Devil licks with forked tongues !

the elegance of his funebrial garment
radiant amongst the corpses

planet earth shall stow the plenty for herself

coming human generations
get nothing !

those truly adaptive persist :
the cockroaches, mollusks and invertebrates !

but the future is not bright
for those who truly need it to be

the future is not bright
for that one creature
which traded its ingenuity and stalwartness
for sloth – pure and simple ...

man raped nature ! and depraved herself in the process...
the tragedy of all tragedies ! alas, we trace it back to Eden...

RIPPING OFF THE FRIENDSHIP BRACELETS

place upon my tattered head
a beautiful Phrygian cap !

rip off the bracelets of friendship,
let my skin breathe again,
freedom and extremism !

no more moron friends
no more misplaced empathy
no more dishonest jesters in my life
no more price-tagged loyalties
no more daggers in the back

the Laodicean hearts of my enemies
are impaled on spearheads
of honor and destiny

crusaders of dulled swords and tepid faiths, begone !
catechumens of the great false modern baptism...

regurgitators of psalms in acerbus !

swine and dogs and rats you are !

go fuck your wretched whores of Belial...

go eat your flesh torn off of an animal still living !

my assault rifle shall be the sole judge and jury
on these streets hereafter

CRACKED LIPS ON THE IRE FONT OF BAPTISM

the intention that man is predisposed and predestined
for happiness and comfort is certainly not in accord
with any heavenly plan or design for creation

we are built for *meaning* – not happiness

tears of salt stain my lips
cracked as they were
on the ire font of baptism

human happiness is a detritus to evolution

human contentment, a freak accident or a miracle

an anomaly ! – a blissful deviation, a deformity nonetheless –

a heart-breaking percent of modern people hold an expectation
that existence – life itself – somehow *owes* them happiness,
and that happiness, comfort and contentment is a kind of
elementary, universal and unnegotiable human right

let me tell you : happiness is naturally incongruent with the realities of
the world and with God's expectations weighing on our shoulders

incidents of human happiness are divergent streams
from the crushing rapids of history,
the water-whirls of time and temporality,

destroying all, swallowing all, rafting everything and everyone
towards the cliff's edge, the cascade into the abyss
into the nothingness which came before,
and the nothingness which comes after

most humans do not deserve happiness
all humans, however, deserve opportunity and liberty :
the opportunity to pick up a cross
but also, the choice to pester the world with sin

we have all within ourselves
the liberty to become strong, or grow cynical, from the darkness....

resentment or humility ?

choose existential modality

choose your life as you would a video game character

choose your existence —

religious existentialism is *here and now*

there is no time to wait ! because,
to choose not to choose,
is to choose bitterness and resignation

people are more prone to give up... —
to resort to addiction and weakness, and
escapism, defeatism, resentment, anxiety —
than they are to weather the storm of suffering
with the stoic fortitude and grit

as am i !

and it is the natural inclination
of the human majority, i believe

but, let it be known and let it not be forgotten :
existence shrinks and existence swells,
and human life expands and contracts in proportion
to the courage and discipline and the grit –
the Finns call it *sisu* – of the individual !

MISTRESS OF THE ROTTEN WILDFLOWERS

chaos woman !

defendress of the rotten wildflowers

insane appreciatrix of old and grey dandelions

schizoid deity, the devil's bridegroom

your beautiful mouth knows and sows only ever confusion !
your beautiful lips spill miscarriages,
resentments, barrages of empty vitriol...

your eye is a cat's eye ! a cat's eye nebula,
a darkness impenetrable, unfathomable—
maddeningly confusing !

you cannot win this game,
for this game is rigged
with truth

you will die from the very rock
you of all people
eventually became
the very first to cast

THE SLAYERS OF ALIEN GODS

Nayenezgani ! —

come, slayer of foreign and alien gods...
come, deity of patronage !

with your brother, come—protectors !

escorts, custodians of existence and culture !
eternal defender of the Naabeehó,
ancient inhabitants of the sacred prairie, life-giver...

Nayenezgani !

come, fight the evil spirits !
the beasts and monsters of myth and saga

come rumble with dragons of malicious gods,
threatening our mortal world and our life !
come together
with your twin brother Tobadzischini !
come sons of the mighty Goddess !

the White-Shelled Woman,
beautiful turquoise woman !

she smiled before birth a cutest smile,
the calm before a cyclone !

*“to each of the holes for eyes and mouth is affixed
a brilliant white sea-shell. a fringe of hair is secured
to the seam of the mask, from side to side; usually red
or yellow, either flowing or stiff... a turkey-plume and
a downy eagle-feather are attached at the top of the mask,
at one side of the center.”*

slay the foreign invader !

kill the numerous preying-birds ! suffocate the deer !
chase away the wolves and crush the rock to powder !

smash the human monsters,
the aggressors, these typifiers of various evils
wantonly destroying human life,
molesting its nobility and elegance,
profaning and dirtying its gold and gem !

SOLDIERY OF THE JAGUAR

ambushing amongst maize stalks and cacao orchards,
evincing feral feline traits –
warriors of the gladiatorial game,
pulque-drinking soldiers of the rainforest !

totemic heraldry of the Jaguar ablaze in the Aztec sun

half-cat-half-human sneakers behind enemy lines
clawed and armored with the club and the spear and the stone
infiltrate the dense bush and open scapes of prairie

the sound of Maquahuitl-razors tearing enemy flesh
lulls the gods and goddesses to their nocturnal repose...

proud ranks of Tezcatlipoca, swift in cunningness and tactics
in ambush like moray eels in the coral,
like avalanches waiting patiently
for the alarm of a human scream to set them in motion

the flawless reputation and hardened martial skill
of the Aztec jaguar force
strikes fear in whomever stands before them

uniforms evolve but the spirit is eternal

TWELVE GREAT IMAMS

i can see the people of the Book torn inside out
and their putrescence is an oily mess

their slimy offal wretched and sultry

gravel is put inside the vacancy left by it in their bellies

twelve salty mouths
of twelve great imams
pray to wet their tongues
on the stone of absolution
but gets rewarded
for their begging instead
another block of salt

and another...

and another....

TYRANNIC ERA OF THE IGNIVOMOUS HYDRA

phosphor and fire like wings engulf
optimism's throne

phosphorous fires break out,
a bleak death burning
in impenetrable gloaming
the ignivomous hydra attacks
the very reasons of humanity

it exhales the breath of life
from at least seven throats
(i could not dare count them !)

and the Eucharist is delivered
to the whoreborn children of Gomorrah !

glorious, buoyant future
or the dark doom of apocalypse—

i want to speak
to whomever could tell !

BASILISK OF CROWN & SPIRE

to confront with sword and spell-book
the hydra-headed beast of the kingdom—
a feat of heroic courageousness
or a puny cowardice of survival—
i know not

i cannot separate these concepts
from one another

and this is the defining criterion
of my humanity

THE WEAK FALCON

i gaze upward ! something moves,
something has caught my attention !

and what is it, if not a vague stab i feel in my appendix,
a jolt of a disappointment almost spiritual,
as i watch a falcon soar, descend...
yes, because it descends not to catch a prey
but it does so only to rest tiredly on some coastal rock,
after another weak and fruitless hunt

and i should admire its magnificence, shouldn't i ?

yes, i should... and i want !

but, as the falcon has not a prey firm in its beak,
no small rodent and no gasping fish,
so have i nothing but the weightlessness
of the air of modernity lodged steadfast
like a teddy once comforting
in the grip of my pale white arms

and what, exactly, is that to admire ?

SAINT CATHERINE & THE WHEEL

*(this one is old and, because of this, slightly blasphemous.
I apologize – but i am too fond of it to not include it)*

* * *

run, flee, quick, in terror—
the sun sprays bullets, spring is here !

something has turned inside-out
the bellies of our children

the air is no longer clean
and a vicious sulphur agent clouds us

the scanty, meagre harvest
do not at all fill our stomachs
and word-of-mouth spreads at the market
of families exhuming their beloved dead
and subjecting their children
to grisly, desperate murder
as to sell them,
hopefully and hopelessly at the same time,
as meat

the dog-days are not by far over

the thunderstorms roll along
from the darkest corners of the sky

the hounds drool and bark
at the sight of clean, fresh water

the Devil rips existential triptych :

birth life death

means nothing now
and we are all going to die !

sound the horns ! slam the steeple, strike the bell of a church !
scream a scream of warning, agitate the dogs at guard !
wake all the children, lit aflame our signal fires
and call the archers to the wall of the south !

spread the propaganda !

ignite the panic furnace

the earth boils ! spring is here !

and with spring comes the thundering devil,
brandishing his iron rod and his flail
which shatters the helmets of crown-angels !
his hellish nimbus brightening the night sky,
and the burning mists around it,
a galaxy of Holiest, Holiest fire !!!

the Fourteen Holy Helpers
breathe famished breaths
from black lungs rotted
with phthisis infernal

they die the death of drowning :

they could not manage to cross the river,
because not a single one of them could swim !

* * *

i evoke your name in prayer

S a i n t C a t h e r i n e

she lost her head in the Holy martyrdom, that is true, but the emperor—smug pig dullard Maxentius—could not claim her heavenly virginity... that hymen broke before the forced marriage ever consummated ! she had offered herself to the world and the world had taken her : typhus, freedom, leprosy—the virgin contracted existence like the flea ! and nowadays, her womb has shuddered back into herself...

her fallopian tubes have clogged with muck and her
labia have grown teeth like those of the vampire

not a single fetus will ever take hold this womb
and not a single one ever emerged therefrom !

S a i n t C a t h e r i n e !

death-nemesis of Maxentius—
gather the strength of storms,
gather them and harness them
so that you might shatter your wheel of tortures !
martyr not your anointed head in imperial purges :
boil hot and mad with the blood of rebellion !
stand proud and stern the beacon of light you are,
a heroine, a defender of the faith,
fighting a world so dark and thick
even bats out of hell fail to navigate it !

the auxiliary saints give unto the world
the gift of fevers and illness

the wells become poisoned
and the children breathe the smoke
of St. Anthony's fire

news that could change the course of entire worlds
are tragically withheld by corrupt, bought ambassadors
and tetraplegic envoys lose their epistles,
falling to the ground in existential paralysis,
at the very crossroads of heaven and hell

meanwhile—in villages, in outskirts of city-centers and in the woods and
farmlands to the east and to the west— dogs gnaw off the hands that feed
them ! dogs turn their backs on their masters, they have been fooled, they
feel betrayed ! a dog is no man's best friend ! man's best friend is
ignorance, ignominy, self-deceit ! man's best friend is his egoism and
narcissism, and the ever weakness of his flesh and all of its addictions !

and from this point on,
nothing but ruins will greet the wanderer !
nothing but health, the doctor of plague...
nothing but salt-rubbed eyes, the visionary,
and nothing but void, the martyr of God !

Saint Catherine weeps thick tears...

this time around,
the wheel is made of iron !

was there present any sane mind to note,
how the whole world, this world, the devil's poustinia,
fell like the colossus of Rhodes,
shaken to the ground by quakes of self-deceit,
eroded then by the gale of repression ?

the laws of Morality and Humility
rendered a mere entry in the diary left in gutters
splashing with sulphur urine of feral dogs !

the sardonic memory of Diocletian
raped Christian nostalgia—
tumultuous uproar of feeling, infarction of the soul...

all the children perished in erratic spectacles of choreomania !

into the ever-blackening abyss of solace
they frolicked, into the thousand-year storm :

all of the Fourteen Helpers followed thereafter...

leaping forthwith
downward abyssic
into the throat infernal
of a death blackest

WINGED HUSSAR OF TRUTH & FLAME

your cavalry does not charge well against your enemy,
for the enemy is strong and manifold—

your enemy is the winged Hussars of truth and flame !
how they charge through the wall of the horizon !

and their spears and lances are long
as to impale the horses galloping about forward onto them !

collapsing into them, into their sturdy barricades,
into a swift death of fire and blood...

VOYAGE TO CELEPHAÏS

the windthrows beneath heavenly offering
prolapse from a sky in tumult

over hopeless swamps scattered
vine-entangled covered in moss
portals murky obscure, remote,
detached from the possibility
of ever existing
like we do

morbid fungi take hold the meadows
and these once-abundant heaths

cypress gardens capitulate
under a new and violent form of decay :
the sharpness of its visual outline blurs
and collapses into a gross wealth
of admirable colors
and trans-Euclidean geometry

a beautiful greenery –
a psychedelic wasteland in becoming

i descend
into the cavern of flame
the steep steps of deeper slumber
downward into dream,
desolate vision-steppes,
monumental Celephaïs,
wetlands of Hlanith, the domains of Mnar
and the black crenelations of Dylath-Leen
insights surreal, unreal,
yet realer than even reality is real :

unexpected as a phantom
i saw a form rising
with fangs as if striking
at invisible throats !

the spectre reveals, flickers and disappears
into the pulsing protoplasmic eye
of a deathly storm paranormal

and bolts of thunder
clashed, electrified around !

jabs of voltage
shock deep into the flesh
of a sullen world

Kuranes manifests ! amidst the
horizonless scapes of beautiful unknown

the shores of ataraxy
are wonderful in the moonglow

apathy and mystery as a cauldron,
a splendid lulling sea droning

i carry across new worlds
new sleeps, new dreams and visions
as to bury it in the humus of unknown coasts

as to hide the flame boiling inside it
from that which pursues it in enmity
and persists across the epochs
in order to extinguish it

but here in Celephaïs
it shall be in great custody

EIGHT QUESTIONS TO THE THIRD KING OF URUK

did the Gods ever offer their beautiful wisdom
to the insects of the earth, or did the human being decide
to just plunder and pillage it with all the brutality of her animal?

and did Shamhat ever offer her beautiful body in lust,
or did Enkidu decide to ravage it forcibly
with all the power of his animal ?

did you, Gilgamesh, ever visit the cedar forest,
or did Humbaba only exist as a figment of phantasmagoria
nurtured in the composture of your fears,
blooming to life only in your lively fantasy ?

did you, Gilgamesh, ever visit the palace of Anu
or did your weakness actually put an end to it all
before you even reached its gates ?

did you then lie and deceive,
out of weakness and embarrassment,
or can I trust your heart was pure ?

did your works, your words and your deeds transform you
into a hero-king as fundamental as the highest Gods
in the Sumero/Proto-Semitic mythology ?

solidified in immortality, to this very modern day !

can i continue to bow at your feet in adoration
without making myself a fool ?

and foremost...

is it possible to follow in your steps ?

THE GREAT CENTRIFUGAL FORCE

great centrifuge of souls,
spit me from thereout !

i beg on my knees,
it looks like !

but i never beg

i simply pray for the strength
to merely step there-out !

and i ask for the Devil to breathe
and hotten whatever is before me —

so I can eat it

POEM TO LALLESHWARI

my hunter's bow was bent to shoot—
but i had no arrows !

instead, i had to take my feelings...
and then i arched the bow once again

i charged the bellows and my throat with breath
but only fire spurted out !

now i have to use lava instead of words...

my senses fattened
like five rams for slaughter—
so i fed them the grain of psychedelia...
now i see things i shouldn't see !

the mortars of love-madness
continue their bombardment...

i seek shelter ! the shelling persists relentlessly—
my fortress lies in ruin...

RABIA FELL IN LOVE WITH A SLAVE

i sit in Jamila's house in Ghasni
a town hours south-west of Kabul

the rays glisten on braided brown hair

green tea in one hand, a cane in the other

a stern face speaks, her father:

“it must be understood: Rabia did not kill herself for Baktash.”

“she found love in God through Baktash;
her heart was too pure in the face of injustice”

“Rabia slits her wrists cross-legged on a red Afghan rug,
with its beautiful octagonal patterns...
and while there, she wrote a final poem –
a final poem of love –
on the walls of the hammam
not with ink but with her own blood”

COME TO ME IN THE ROAR OF A LION

(if light and life is not eternal, then what is ?)

come to me in the roar of a lion
and bother me not with these feeble lamb's tears !

channel a seismic eruption !

rapture me into spiritual fugue...

expunge from me the desires of flesh !

then i shall be quiet and good and humble...

who am i
to say a single word of dismissal
about the miracle of life
if you would just only show me
the miracle i hear so much about,
and not only present me with
this endless human tirade
of mediocrity, apathy, piteous debility,
vengefulness and outright malevolence
spreading like flies
upon a carrion world

but who can deny the miracle ?

who can will to destroy and corrupt it ?

well – there are many devouts in this Synagogue of Satan

swarmers of the charnel grounds
and corruptors of the covenant

but if we love the world with gluttony
and sloth and lusting license,
we can not love God ! for the prides
and excesses of life is not of God, but of a fallen world

the world and its desires pass away,
but the will of God is forever !

nihilism, foreboding and a total crisis of faith – none of it matters
in the matter of God ! ! !

DOOM OF THE SCHECHEMITES

would it not be fair for the victim of a violent rape
to decide herself the punishment to be bestowed
on her perpetrator ?

a scaphism in the sun of Conscience, the Great !
a stare into the burning yellow eye of guilt !

people tell me that that is not fair,
not humanitarian, not civilized

but why ? (*i understand why, but the question is still important*)

i think that the Babylonian way of doing things
is legitimate in many cases

Dinah wept...

and what price can be expected of her
violators to muster?
what confession may bear remedy
in the kingly tribunal
and in conscience with God the just, if any?

is not the only expiation for such
desecration and offensive wrong-doing to reject all
standards of modern and sophisticated
judicial praxis and to give unto beast in man
a calling... and to raise the fire of revenge
hidden deep within there somewhere,
obscurely buried ?

why is that not right?

(*i understand the reasons why—
but the question is still important*)

Dinah wept thick tears

and Simeon and Levi, her brothers, had not only the rapist killed,
but all and every male in the city of Shechem had to taste their wrath

*(that was a bit exaggerated for my tastes,
it was too identitarian for me to kill everyone;
very unnecessary albeit visually and poetically
appealing. it conflicts with my existentialist
core principles, yet i love the revenge aspect
of this biblical story)*

THE COFFLES OF RATIONALITY

we are condemned
to coffles of rationality !

we are let loose by an invisible tyrant
like grazing cattle
into a world filled to the brink
with all demoniac madness
and with all the sorrows of misfortune
and that heart-breaking
random element to happiness

the copper tears of grieving mothers
stain the absurdity of being

hidden behind the mirage of every vice
and behind every hunger of the body
is an evil as seemingly intangible
as it is seemingly unconquerable

we are condemned to the absurd,
our manacles are golden,
and we do not deserve some sacred revenge

since nothing is inherently deserved

nothing is per default deserved—

but to counter the absurd is to act upon faith ... —

can we at least agree on that much ?

to choose not to counter the absurd
is to act unauthentically,
but to so do is to kill an ignivomous dragon
attacking from within and without

time flies and there is nothing
you can do about this insanity !
and all while the minutes run
like water through some aqueduct,
the universe seems cold and silent
and it will remain very cold—*and very silent* :
you become old and you become grey :
there is not a thing you can do to counter
this unrelenting entropy of flesh !!!

what shall one do when nothing but shame, embarrassment of outcome,
morose and tedious bitterness and pessimistic nostalgia fills one's heart-
fortress, and forces all dreams and aspirations out of there... rendering
the court-yard of a once mighty castle a market for impuissance and
resentment ? when we have turned the templar grounds – a sanctity and
a shrine once – into a horticulture for insidious bitterness, envy and spite ?

it is what we all try to avoid !

the man grasping blindly, rabidly his hands into the nothingness
in panicked search for some measure of meaning,
whatever of it he can possibly find to hold on to,
is losing his battle with life and dignity alike

the one to chase meaning in panic, in desperation
and in bad faith, is the one to lose grasp of it :
the discovery and achievement of meaning
is reliant on discipline, strategy, hard work,
reason, focus, perspective and level-headedness
as much as it is on your passion and ecstasy

the elixir of life itself will escape
through his canals of perspiration
as crystals of sweat, crystals of despair,
and crystals of unfulfillment !

the absurdity of existence experienced
explodes like a chemical reaction
between two uncomplementary substances :

the universe (*its physics and every deep layer of its metaphysics*)
and the human mind and its inability to grasp it
the contradictory nature
of these both elements of reality
sparks the fire whose flames
not one can really know nor see –
for it is surely sparked
from the fire of the absurd !

EX CATHEDRA

the Holy ghost covered its eyes
with the palms of murdered children :
behold ! said i
and the Holy ghost spake
ex cathedra

my heart, my blessed temple and the Holy ghost sounded
the horn and lure of the Lord there within

what a beautiful clangor, sounding

and suddenly dropped—
a noose from the beam of the earth !

two hands tore holes in the earth
and at Holy behest
i too spake soon with vapor
out into the without,
into a colder realm, a dying world of nights—
and i did for the sake of my Lord !

an echo framed the night-sky
and like a burglar in the night of zodiac
i disappear with the pitcher of Aquarius !
and poured did i the water therein
into the stream of all ever mouths...

and the Holy ghost vanished
in rain, under hail and in mists
of fuming spiritual sulphur

boiled to broth and fat
in the aether-cauldron
the Holy ghost became
the sustenance of the djinn !

and they threw their balls of fire
over taiga, steppe and storm
no longer reign i
ex cathedra !

the Holy ghost abandoned,
and it did for the sake of its Lord !

THE TWO MOUNTAINS

we are alone
because we are unique

veiled in mantles of mastery and exaltation
are we all—
we are all
spasming and howling, tumbling
through mists, on moors, alongside rivers

lured by the pendulum of sedation—
the smile of Hypnos burns—
are we all—we are all

lost
aloof

feeble screams from forests unknown
echo a vibration to a thick and warm moonfog
a blaze in the northern sky, a white light above the forest,
dark thrones draped in funeral fog...

these mountains have steep and treacherous slopes
are abound with the plethora of Eve-fruits...

between them lies a valley calm,
smoothed down from epochs of erosion
and settled by a plenitude man

bathed in sun as warm
as the kiss of love
from the mother of all incest

this is a strange world
that has strange things to offer

we shall not need clothes,
for shall we not conquer?—

we blot our necks to the gluttonous teeth of perdition
in order to understand our origins
and in order to quell the rebellion
surging hostile from down below !

the philosopheme of existential angst
starts arguing itself

only small fragmentary pieces
will you add to the sum of human angst
because even in this regard
you are basically worthless and unremarkable

we represent an alien ideology
rife with an ecstasy of terrorism
we represent a dogma
unrepresentable,
undefendable
but in the courts of God !

at the deepest roots of all beauty,
all happiness, all virtue
and all the glory of accomplishment
lies something grotesque
suckling the udders of humanity
until they will eventually dry up
with cynicism and corruption
like coerced prostitutes
and nihilist, atheist philosophers
on the eve of life's winter,
lost in their hopeless static
of moribund contemplation

INFERNAL POETRY OF KARNI MATA

rat-king with tiara of tampons and syringes !

old heroin shots, curdled bloody clots
veins like tunnels or rivers
i see in dreams

in the kingdom of filth below the concrete
they reign their ridden realms with rancid regalia !

preying on foeti of flesh,
on garbage, on trash, on waste—on whatever

constantly pushing, pushing, pushing
all mankind to her edge !
the rat's tails sway gently in the sewage zephyr,
like bodies hung from light-poles,
like osseous ornaments breezing
in monotonous ever circles of air—

as if in the wind a mobile
adorned with the bones and teeth of our children,
the royal Rat King takes form !
and the rat is a pendulum in eternal oscillation
between extinction and world domination

this is a world of rats !

a world of rats with humans only on top of it
as a sardonic spectacle or as a facade !

an embellishment to the hostile and black
void around and beneath it !

for indeed when all comes about...—
shall not health be stolen from the pure

and the ruby crowns and spires confiscated
from every prince and princess ?

shall not all imperial jewelry
from all the lands of the earth
flush down the toilet like turds, finally,
when everything, after all, closes in on itself ?

will not every rat ultimately smite every man with sickness
before the curtain has closed on the stage of the world to come ?

and shall not the satin bed of culture
spoil with Divine menarche
before the last king dies his sorry death
through purgation ?

IRON FIST OF JUDEA

the Semienite kings erected
stelae to the kingdom
of the wrestling with God

Ethiopian hinterlands ruled with the iron fist of Judea

the flag of *Magen David*
swaying in Abyssinian winds !

Judit ! Battle-hungry commander of war !

Panzer-Woman of Scriptural Armageddon !

the queen casts her leather noose
and steers the forces of Beta Israel
into a battle of redemption and honor
conducted in a strong, Hebraic iron tradition
not even a Holocaust could ever quell ! ! !

TRIAL BY PUBLIC OPINION

female collaborator,
passionate romantic lover,
despicable
repulsive
unforgivable traitor
or cringing victim
traumatized by
evil war-rape
they know not

shave her head
in a grotesque ceremony
of humiliation
they do
nevertheless

such are the ways of the human,
despicable morally
in group
as she mostly is

* * *

right after the second world war when Europe was liberated from Nazi oppression, women accused of having had sexual or romantic relations with the German enemy were publicly humiliated, often physically beaten and made absolute pariahs.

a common ritual of degradation in common France at the time was to shave these women bald and then parade them through the streets in sickening debacles of ignominy and public humiliation. however, many of these women were victims of rape by German hands – not collaborators nor lovers.

many of them were legitimately romantically or erotically engaged with them by own accord, that is true, but many, many innocent women got dragged through this heinous hell of public jury and trial illegitimately. this hell—an additional mockery to the already traumatizing sexual assaults they had endured, and in the midst of a great world war inferno!

IN VERMILION ALLUVIUM

a spineless mass meandering
through tubular tracks in the soil

great antennae towards the sky
pointing in search perennial

in waiting without end
for some great and weird frequency
to register, respond to

the pupa of a dead insect
enclosed in dark chrysalis
rusty like abandoned iron

a deep redness of dried blood
stain it until it has become
beautified through evolving

i am the worm ! i turn dead muck into humus...

such is life in the alluvial soil

THE PILLAR SAINT

statuesque pillar-saint woebegone
in perpetual management of proprioception
lost in a gloaming darkly psychedelic,
vortexing all around, menace-clouds...

a vesper without hope
for a night without morning

humming lullabies of endless twilight
susurring all around !

a stature demure !
yet such beguiled, stupid flesh !

Metanoia-wounds cascading
phosphor-rain and ash of stone
upon the tremored bodies
supine on the wettened grass below...

parched to death athirst
are the witnesses to this very witness of God
communing beneath the pillar

the mysterious contemplation
and the ever-adoration
of boundless human excellence
up there on the platform
the golden blood of the saint !

running downward pylons
dripping from the gargoyle beaks

downward cascading across
the cracked mosaic of existence

vines of vermillion veins
fractally forming around them,
contorting all around them,
rooting themselves all around

growing about them weblike,
spinal-cordially
like intelligence-antenna
towards a starry sky
as to re-connect
with something greater...

THE MAHAVIDYA SUITE :

POETRY OF THE DIVINE FEMININE

Shakti means power, life force and/or primordial feminine energy, and she represents the primal creative principle of the universe. Shakti is known by the general name Devi, from the Sanskrit *div*, which means “to shine”. She is the Shining One, and the Truth shines through her ten different facets : the Divine Mother is adored and admired as ten mythological personalities, or ten different personas of Shakti, called the *Mahavidya*.

India is the only country in the world where goddesses are still widely revered and worshipped, a distinctly Indian tradition that stretches all the way back to the Harappa (“Indus Valley”) culture of at least 3000 B. C. and in all probability much earlier than that.

this is a poetic recollection of my dreamly meetings with five of the Mahavidya goddesses.

*“by you this universe is borne,
by you this world is created,
O Devi, by you it is protected”*

I. The Lotus of *Kamalatmika*

the silence is broken
tranquility becomes... a joke !

the pettiness disperses—
there is austerity now...

a call, a clangor, a high and proud demand
of immediate attention and immersion
purges the ritual hall once sacred,
rendered some hub of frivolous gossip

hellish orbs appear

a green and thick fog !

Kamala takes shape from ash and mist

a specter cloaked in hasheesh-fumes,
a deathly contour !

blinded become i by golden skin's radiance—
a silvery silhouette the smoke amongst

that shiny, beautiful complexion,
a brightness lightning-like ablaze

i die a spiritually furbished man
after this ecstatic meeting with Kamalatmika !

i overdose on morphine-opium lulled
in loving arms with heavy breath on heavy breasts
and into her vision I am absorbed—

my final journey, home !

II. The Black Skin of *Kalaratri*

Kalaratri slit the throat of every bandit !

she gorged on their open necks and drank
every drop of the blood pouring out therefrom—
she spoke with her sharp razor-tongue, Divine
vociferation, a guttural echo, ravishing, sweet :

*“i am beloved Goddess of auspiciousness, worshipped, adored.
the black eternal night, the face of the feminine terrible,
and I am beauty itself in quantum, in essence,
for there is a silver lining to every murder, the sun smiles
with every act of terrorism, there are arousing qualities to
mastery and slavery, and if rape was not thrilling,
no-one would ever commit it—*

*i am this beauty,
i am this quality, and
i am this silver lining.”*

seventh mighty Destructrix of the Navadurga !
abominable black night-wraith of dissolution !

Saturn's fanged seductress
with her many head-garlands...

a million cobras
makes one great serpent tail
behind her

sharp teeth, great fangs and a pretty, soft nose...
eyes of vermillion blood and dark-blue ocean...
beautiful ear-rings and golden embellishments...

the crescent *vajra* of finitude and mortality
gleaming raised above her head, reflecting in the sun

the black skin of Kālarātri is always sticky
with the blood of strangled harlots
and with the dead ejaculations of gods
abandoned, forgotten, failed, downgraded
to lower-case g

Kālarātri,
Kālarātri,
Kālarātri

let us dissolve
in your vaginal sap

III. The Sorrow of *Dhumavati*

my attack withstands, my storms endure !

the trebuchets hurl day and night !
the walls collapse—i conquer !

my breath is the burning mist,
and my weapon, Asura-forged !

roll out the royal carpet !

welcome me,
prince of rape and ruin !

day, night, my siege unrelenting !

i am in service and support of the emotional warfare of attrition
against the innate pursuit of peace and quiet amongst men

my existence is an embargo
on the *a priori* innate sacrality of human life

i am weary and i am sad,
i walk amongst the graves and derelict temple-ruins

i can see in dreams the pulsations of the earthworm,
a slithering maggot-deity of the subterrains
roiling about in its labyrinthine wormcasts :
they could lead me all the way to hell !

i can see its eyes glowing like magpie's silver
in the light of a distant sun yet reaching
i can hear the drying blood speak whole languages
from the cuts on Dhumavati's wrists,
those she gave herself, striking her flesh
with the blade of our ancestors !

i can see Dhumavati in front of the firing squads...
locked in the pillories, immured in the middle of great moats
and forced to her knees at the mercy of bloodthirsty pollaxes !

i can hear her speaking with renunciation
in the ruin of her own failure,
begging foul clientele of back-alley brothels
for food scraps and a meagermost coin !

i can see her laughing cynically with hasheesh-addicted hermits and in
company of lepers in forests, and her smile shines through to both the
thralls of guilt and to those of conscience and deadly sin—and with them,
she sobs !

and she is caught in the foreboding stare of Shiva,
her loved one—acrimonious one !

the torturous whipping, stoning and lashing of self-hatred befell
Dhumavati surely, for a yoke was hung on her old, sore shoulders : Shiva
gazed with judgement and surely Dhumavati was struck with the
lightnings of misfortune !

her picturesque beauty eroded
in the great monsoon of ages

the *loo* of all things pretty turned against her !

look up ! Dhumavati, sorrowful Dhumavati !
and witness the precipitation ! acid rain, grief and pain...
whips of angst, abuse...

on the brink of very death she crawled through long-endured starvation

journeys through thorned bushlands of privation and darkness
having chewed and swallowed Shiva's flesh—
a crime she herself could not forgive—
her misery was surely rooted in her weakness

she could not forgive herself for surrendering to her
own lusts of depraved hunger and her inability to
muster courage, willpower, discipline enough !
i can relate her sorrows, for i am myself
the convict of addiction and of obsession !

my life is the knitting of a Bayreuth-tapestry
but not of conquests and glory and power,
but of failures and crippling impuissance,
but i understand yet that indeed
a thousand failures followed
by one tremendous victory
is a thing more important
than that one victory alone could ever be !

Dhumavati !

she is surely beautiful
in the garments of rotted corpses !

she moves about specter-like
in the rags of cremation-grounds,
smearing the ashes of the burned dead
on her pale body...

her dwelling-place is every ghat from Kathmandu and Varanasi to
Kānchipuram and Kanyakumari !

she struggles sword to sword
with the Kshatriya

the ocean of milk is barren,
her cynicism drank it to its last drop

like dairy left in the sun
the memory of *ksira sagara* itself grew sour
she descends ! Ghandarva of grief

riding her mourn-crowned crow !

harbinger of bitter and contagious melancholies

steer-woman of the horseless chariot

eternal widow ! old, sorrowful widow

her hundred tears are flowing to the river

the architectress of depression and desperation
builds on and on and on and on and on
her black-bricked, steadfast tower

i awake with your name
dancing on my cracked lips

i give my thanks, i genuflect in gratitude

Dhumavati

see me !

most egregious of the Mahavidya,
become my consort

i ask you in marriage !

i need friends to ward off demons—
these lands are not safe !

please !
beg you i do with submission :
i need food when starving !
drink when parching !

can you see my hand in the thick darkness ?

my wails for help, do they muster a response ?
my sword is psychedelia

i fumbled on precipices to madness

i have become the scorpion-man
and my barbs sting at modesty

the mnemonic mist of drugs and depression
i lose myself in severely

i no longer can remember much

my sitar is fingered by an orphaned Asura
and without music life is just a confused mistake

IV. The Despair of *Matangi*

aloof upon corpse's throne
sits Matangi—outcaste empress

her posture is weak from crooked spine's curse !

yesteryear a smallest girl—
today, Matangi blooms the fruit of femalehood

surely the bosom of Matangi have seduced much :
her hourglass body runs with sands
of female beauty and eroticism

she
is
the most beautiful !

her youthfulness is profound, her face alight
with the torch of Divine brisk

her red jewelry gleaming in the burning noon sun

in spite of being so beautiful, she cannot bargain far...
for Matangi, the sweet, the beautiful, the fresh-scented madonna,
surely is—nevertheless—a goddess of the outcastes !

and i put my leftovers out on my porch for Matangi !

the sacred scavenger of human miseries snuck by during the early hours
like a shadow or like a wolfess strutting and laughing her dazed opium
grin !

high off the fumes of occult lotus scent—
she smiled in the dark of the night,
her eyes lit with garbage on fire !

for surely, Matangi was a duchess of the sewer !
but through the grime and the filth
she was beautiful

and she arose beautifully
and she walked beautifully
and spoke beautifully

and every time she danced, she purged herself !
the filth of the world shook off her
like water from a shaking dog
when she started to dance her dance,
a maniacal, most ensorcelling choreography !

V. The Sword of *Chhinnamasta*

when man starts to fail at his task
of bringing order from chaos

and when man so becomes embittered
and contaminated by the poisons of privation,
he changes hope for resentment
and, as a panicked despondent measure,
man starts to swing his sabres all around him
in order to punish the world and being itself,
for even birthing him in the first place !

even the cows shall be slaughtered when man becomes desperate enough,
and then cynical, and even malevolent, sardonic—just to show the young
calves in glee and in spite what it feels like to lose a loving mother !

even the copulating couple massaged by the feet of the feminine terrible
shall experience violent loss of desire, nausea and vicious migraine at the
merest thought of continuing their loving act !
the elephants bloat and swell in the humid Hindu sun and the prodromes
of the farthest ends make themselves visible, as beautiful Chhinnamasta
withdraws her arousal and secures her lock of chastity in banishment of
her own climax, and this act rips open a great hole in the cosmos...

the vapors of astral holocaust clouds
and the horrible electrolyte of stars
shall outflow from her and into her again
and into everything else that is around her !

no more drops of love shall pearl from her labia—
only an anxious, cold, feverish sweat !

it has been made clear in High Courts :
Chhinnamasta may not finger !

the Divine couple may no longer copulate !
and with this, the world dies into a pulp !

*... srim hrin klim aim vajravairocaniye
hum hum phat svaha ...*

BLOOD OF THE SCHIZOID MARTYR

Therese—receive this beatified vision !

scourge yourself with the Martyr's pizzle
with all the strength and fervor
of which you are capable

smile through gnashing teeth
like a sun bathing the ruins of a church mediaeval !

your closed mouth, a gate of wood and tar and brick opening...

the vicious sound of vipers shall hiss therefrom
once it ever opens !

utter profanity, utter filthy blasphemy
in moments of spiritual lapse !

for God knows your purity

scream your loving benedictions
toward the crucifix above !
weep and pray and howl through the heavy tears
which bedews now the throbbing lashes of your eyes !

a Catholic virgin's nuptial innocence and all her spiritual stupefactions
were laid bare to nightly troops of stygian vampires—but in shelter
she was, under Christ !

and verily, none could touch her but the Christian one !

the maddening euphoria of this fleshly
concupiscence is laid to calm by the great and
solidaire hand of the Heavenly providence !

fingers, tongues emerging !
a black and moist cloud
of apoplectic saintly apparition

green and pungent foam takes form,
appearing, a shape trans-luminescent !

six-winged angel descendant before the Cross !

sullen voice, mighty frame, great hands of love —
Heaven's most luminescent Nimbus !

exaltations before the altar of Christ, Hallelujah ! Amen ! Hallelujah !
Christ's phallus erects in the disturbing dreams of a mad woman

in phrensy intertwined with maniacal glossolalia,
the religious hysteria, you recite *Galatians 6:17*

**“From henceforth let no man trouble me :
for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus”**

drops of holy love stained the modest wimple
and pearled down the marble skin like stearin off the candles' edge

swarming comes the old, blind and lame seraphim in stupor out of grottos
and taverns, bragging of honor, strength and ancestry but showing
absolutely nothing whatsoever thereof

you learned from Teresa of Avila – your beautiful namesake in which you
imagine yourself a modern and second incarnation—the secrets of the
innermost mysteries

praise the Lord !
praise your bleeding flesh
which is affixed to the Cross,
suffering terribly !

schizoid stigmatic martyrdom
in the flesh
am I !

blind of sight and ecstatic in the presence of the Lord, your tunic and
garment soaked with blood, skin breaking open with horrible wounds of
Stigmata...

let the black cilice restrain and torment us all unto death ! ! !

Aramaic apotropaic rhymes are sung and echoes through the sparkling
ambience of ember-flames and the lulling winds of desert night

blood upon the hands of the innocent splatter, and sacred bolts and nails
are driven into these blind and useless eyes which are faded

you can not redeem if not by these fleshly sores with Divine likeness to
those of Christ... these wounds with null apparent reason but in the eye
of God in the Heavens !

THE DAY OF WRATH

may heavens break
like wounds awide
and shower earth with salt !
no more maize
and no more rye,
no more wheat nor malt...

your gales and tempests
smite our land,
everything's at stake;
even hills and
mountains anguish,
shaking with your quake !

INTO THE BRAZEN BULL

smite the world !

but build the fire slowly...

cram yourself into the brazen bull,
the one of hope and of moral
in which you cook and roast your enemies !

spare yourself not,
your grazing cattle
ox nor sheep, pig nor ass

spare not even the beloved daughter, nor a son !

all shall wail
the song of false hope
from inside
the bull of bronze

* * *

the brazen bull was an alleged ancient Greek torture and execution device. it was a bull made of bronze, big enough to fit a human being. a victim was crammed into it, and a fire was then built underneath it, heating the bronze slowly and agonizing the victim with indescribable suffering of the flesh.

according to some accounts of folk history, the bull was designed with an acoustic apparatus which 'transformed' the screams of agony into bull-noises (emanating from an opening in the bull's mouth).

the victim was eventually roasted to death on blazing hot brass. it is not the fastest way to die. It is certainly not the prettiest, nor is it chivalrous. It is desperate, pathetic and anguished end to a human life.

however, it is not clear if this actually existed or if it is a made-up fable, a myth. in any case – as a poetic metaphor, a symbolism, a reference, it works great.

THE SHIP OF TRAUMA

the ship set sail in exile
and left for the ocean,
and no end had it—
neither ship nor ocean !

but the ship was flagged
with the colors of discontent
so that it could be spotted
on that endless blue amorphous nothing
which framed it

and it was heard, a beast howling !

and it echoed across the sea which slept...
and the great wyvern of the ocean slept too

existentialism's oarfish,
anadromous beast of the soul-river
wailing deathly, waiting, praying, preying !

the silence was deafening and intense :
extremely loud and ear-splitting,
like only a total silence can be

the ship sailed and sailed
across the water of the earth

it did also sail spectrally
across thresholds
of weird and undefinable dimensions

and trapped it become by the spell,
lure of phenomenal dissolution,
apparition bizarre :

madness re-shapes itself
after an eternity on formless waters

it starts again : memorial remnants
of paedophilac molestation

festivals of unspeakable abuse
re-awake and re-emerge

miasmal visions, unknown spiritual magisteria :
eyes of salt and sulphur dripping into deep psychological wounds

discarded and denied memories,
oceans of the bottomless subconscious

the dreadful face of all the unknown unknowns
puking devastating mental imagery
from eyes as voids imploded
a banshee shrieks and it echoes
across the sea which awakes

and mares cry and it echoes across the sea

which is dead

RANGDA, GHOST QUEEN OF THE FOREST GROVES

demonic ghost known as Rangda,
malevolent queen, devourer of children !

the leader of nocturnal wenches
rallying on the concourses of tropical forest groves

pendulous teats exploding milk hang dangling—woman-cow !

claws long and brutal slash and tear

goggle-eyed abomination of the woods
emerge from forests and opioid mists !

old naked flesh ! hair unkempt !

moving in tandem
with Night and Moon

ever-powerful queen of the Leyak !

cannibalizing widow-witch-bitch,
mistress from the nightmare-lands

she battles hard against the forces of benevolence,
led by Barong, king of the hosts of Good !

* * *

exploring a fundamentally archetypal mythological concept, the traditional Balinese ritual dance represents this ancient struggle between the forces of good (Barong) and evil (Rangda).

Rangda is the queen of the Leyak, a vicious mythical breed of human engaging in black magic rites, spellcraft and cannibalism. they are said to dwell on graveyards and haunt the mourners there.

they are associated with drinking infant's blood, feed on rotten corpse's flesh, and often possess the ability to shape-shift into different animals such as pigs and dogs.

it is said that the Leyak are ordinary-looking during the day, but in the night-time, they transform into a detached, flying head with entrails (liver, intestines, lung and heart, etc.) still attached to it!

Balinese mythology is very graphic and nightmarish at times, almost psychedelic in its horror.

VALLEY OF CONFUSION (GREAT PODZOLIC ABYSS)

monstrous nymphaea of nature
eternal and in each direction
like mountain-walls or whole ranges
framing a valley in the taiga

within the valley
the mother of nothing sleeps
like her own baby sleeps
the sleep which never existed

and outward its center, a tongue
ever-digging, ever-spinning
into and through the crust
of this earth

rich with mineral and phosphorus,
covered in strong webs and silks,
as to cloud, defend its heart !

enormous hole ! valley of confusion
it opens slowly, like gates open,
like a black gate opening

a great and podzolic abyss
under the windthrow of mighty Yggdrasil

PEELING THE LAYERS OF THE NIHILISM ONION

meandering tributaries
to the great subterranean ocean
whose ends obscure into forever
are we all !

in continual sempiternal becoming
without ends, without fixed courses,
are we like rivers
whirling with the waters
of disquiet

a world with no purpose
no meaning
no apparent truth

an existence
so absurd and cruel
and incomprehensible
are we vomited forth into

your hundred false dichotomies
are all tentacles
of the same colossal squid—
the Cthulhu
of human existentialism !

saluted are those
who trust their passions
to no-one but themselves :
from your own alienation and angst
you must forge action,
and from these actions
you shall live and you shall die
with the prospect of unconditional happiness
as an unattainable idea smeared like dirt
under the heel of your soldier's boots

there are no shortcuts
to hard, honest work

there are no quick fixes,
and luck is unreliable

we all should aspire
to nothing
but the passion
we feel
as we feel

we all amount
to nothing
but the actions
we form
out of the formlessness
that is our passion

and passion
is the only signpost
with worth :

*find what you love
and let it destroy you !*

it has been said before :
what else could one do ?

a passion is something
worth suffering for :
thus, in extension,
suffering is a pack mule of meaning

he who fears suffering
fears also life,
and in the storm of that insight
we carve ourselves a totem !

and by the way :

without humans and their extraordinary
spiritual properties, the world is *valualy* dead

the human is the only being in this world
potentially capable of transcending
the bestial levels of privation
and making manifest a higher form of consciousness

the human is the only being in this world
capable of existential assessment, religious thought
and the relativization of time and temporality

the human is the only being in this world
capable of sacrificing the present for the future

the human is the only being in this world
inclined to instinctual conscience and morality,
as well as unexplainable levels of evil and malevolence
foreign even to the beasts of our forests and seas !

and the human is the only being of love and angst...

the human is the only being in this world
capable of turning worthless reality
into meaningful reality

the human amounts to nothing
but the actions she forms
out of the formlessness
that is her passion

the human finds what she loves
and lets it destroy her !

the intrinsic worthlessness of all ideals,
all petty hopes and all good causes must be known ;
the intrinsic worthlessness of every thought,
every good will and every strangled impulse
of compassion should be known beforehand,
so that we not fall into that bottomless,
uproarious swirl of idealism, hedonism and utopia

the human soul must "activate"
the value of a certain action,
and we do so by actually acting out that action

instead of merely idealizing it,
bragging about it,
talking about it,
theorizing it—

before an act has been acted out,
it is ontologically null,
existentially *hypothetical*, therefore nonexistent,
therefore worthless...

and that is the opening statement
in the declaration
of human freedom !

DESTROYING SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

i seek that which destroys by default
and i seek to absolve in the viscosity of it,
and like quarks of entropy embedded
in the nucleus of the universe
i too may ripen into the precursor
of the mightiest storm !

for i am a gale of quantum catastrophe,
and i put my ears to this void
and i listen to what sounds thereof,
and i shall try to meditate on these letterless words,
for nothing is talking to me—
and i need listening to nothing !

i need silence and i shall claim solitude
i need savoring my bitter fruits with impunity
in the face of this famished existential marasmus of life...

i am attentive to the null oratory
of whatever incomprehensible is out there,

and i seek drinking the draught of wisdom
for my throat is parching by the second—

i ponder emptiness, indifference
and the eternal return,
and thereof starts to take note
of every passing transient moment
until i gradually realize
the ubiquitous and formless nature
of all experiential phenomena—
for so ordains the admonition
from the pulpit
of *nothing at all*

THE FIERY LOVE OF TIAMAT

behold now everything on this earth !
the fields with abundance of grain,
palm-grove harvests rich and fruitful,
the forests that separate kingdoms
and the fires that scorch them

behold now everything on this earth...
the brickwork of ancestries
and the towers that reach our gods !
behold these crop-fields we call life and death,
sowed, and heaped, in granaries of self-doubt !

collected by children's dirty hands—
bronze sickle, charcoal-eyes—
gales sweep their homes and huts of clay :
aggressive storms unwrap in the south !

dog-faced **Baa'al Paszhushhu**
gnarling at the moon !!!

the countenance of the origin-beast-mother
carved in the mountains of the north

the efflux of her genitals streaming to the south of the marshes,
into that great ocean whose shores we know only by myth
and whose waters is the abode of the primordial one,
she who hurls the long-spear of flood and storm
deep into the sides of these lands—
for these lands are hers—they are owned by her !

when all comes about, has not the lands risen strongly
from her bottomless and abysmal womb ?

was not the pleasure that shook the members of the old, old gods
into ejaculation, indeed, the motion of her scaled loins ?

is she not the temple to which all sacrifices
are offered, all libations put forth ?

is she not the shrine—the death-black Ziqqurat—
the lighthouse emitting darkness ?

is she not the guardian of the stele
inscribed with all words of grace
and the eloquence of our beautiful poets ?
over the lapse of a thousand millennia,
she has been constricting the gods of the heavens
in a strong leather noose !

f o r i s n o t v o i d
o r i g i n a l t o a l l ?

c h a o s , d i s c o r d ,
o r i g i n a l t o o r d e r ?

THE DEVIL PRINCIPLE

the devil is the principle by which i rebel against
what wills to compromise the *Dasein*

the devil is in fact whom negotiates
my pathetic bidding in the glorious tribunal of God

for the devil is God's Accuser !
and in *liaison* with God the devil is !

part of God the devil is !
on Heavenly mission he is...

CEREMONIAL TRIBAL PSYCHEDELIA

a girl appears in front of me !

i do not know her

a strong dream sinks over me—
somnambulism of visions, orphic repose
and nightmare both at once !

her garment is animal's skin,
her hair is braided beautifully

she is offering me two cups :
one of flesh and one of clay
i drink the poetry from both of them

i now speak in the Chumash tongue,
and tonight is my night of spiritual marriage :

i partake ceremoniously
in ancient *Datura* occultism !

* * *

The Chumash are an indigenous ethnicity of central and southern California. In older times, the Chumash practiced a rite of initiation where they would ingest a potion brewed with the *Datura wrightii*—a strongly psychoactive deliriant found naturally in their living habitat. The *Datura wrightii* would create strong hallucinatory experiences, often of a nightmarish, epiphanic and/or otherwise overwhelming nature.

It is a dissociative compound, meaning it will cut off the connection between the self and the basic perception of reality, sometimes creating confusion, horror, panic, delirium and chock in the unexperienced user and also profound, overwhelming, vivid hallucination, often completely inseparable from actual reality.

In their native tongue, the drink is called *moymoy*. The drink was usually ingested a rite of passage, performed as somewhat of a “spiritual barrier” one must cross in the process of reaching higher planes of spiritual insight but also to celebrate the coming of sexual maturity.

Not all subjects of this ritual survived the ordeal, since *Datura wrightii* is chemically toxic to the human system.

INTO THE UCHCHISHTA TEMPLE

you ! who suck the sweet milk of revenge
from the teats of resentment !

you fattened swine of gluttony,
you children ruined by love *Asuric* !

you who travel diphenhydramine dungeons :
damp, wet stone—somber, cold !

embellished heads tiara-crowned
with edacity and the shame of suppression

the beauties and riches of darkness,
the insignia of martyrdom gleaming
under Satan’s wrathful sun of sin

i dissolve in the aesthetics of roadkill—
the gross, dizzy anxiety of a beauty
obscurely essential, absolute

PENTHESILEA

(EXTERMINATION CAMPAIGN)

I

patroness custodian of the Trojans,
most formidable woman of axe and spear –
daughter of Ares and Otrera !

sister of Hippolyta, Antiope and Melanippe,
strike fear into these sorrowing troops of man !

Penthesilea laments aloud...

Penthesilea ! save them not but exterminate them,
for there are no cures to the philter of Venus !

the sorrowing troops of man
stoop to the level of flies
to further the dulling of their lives :

but the soul of man is nowhere made
to process of contents of faeces !

a tragedy of modern backwardness
and a return to barbaric deportments –
a return to brutish and sluggish ways of life
we know only from the fables of Etruscans

and in the steppe, honor and tradition reigns,
but within the palaces of the Romans
nothing of the like anymore exists !

dirt and filth and garbage ! drunkenness and addiction !
languor, indolence – the existential lethargy !

salacity and immoral greed,
gluttony and depraved indulgence...

such are the ways in the late Roman empire

the Devil need not do work anymore –
we drive ourselves willingly to His ruin

orphic sensibilities are awoken and interpreted
through the lens of a philosophically futile society,
a society unwell to even argue
its own existence and position in the world

a society cursed by Cornucopia, the malison of wealth !

II

however, this development can not be tolerated on the Aryan steppe

the steeds of Amazonian cavalry
kick the earth into frenzy and dust storms

a great stampede upon the homeland
burns under the sizzling rays of sun

saffron-cloaked chthonic nymphae
sing in choral tandem ever-resounding
as the black gorgons winged with those of bats
are struck by the brazen arrowheads
of a proud Iranic soldiery

ambushed by the Amazon guerilla,
the corpses in the gully float ominously
towards the rapid to disappear forever

rotten to distasteful contortions
and beset by evil ragworms are they all

guilty of a heinous behavior of sloth
and imprudent gluttony
are they all

fleshly shells of human beings float eerily macabre
under a Porphyric sky appalling
down the Phlegethon waters
to the ever-devouring vortices of Moirai

an algal bloom of wretchedness,
self-abuse and moral disease
ionized the souls of the dense masses

these wretched miscreants, they rot in perfidy ! –
nothing anymore to prove to themselves
but their very own narcissism and egoism

they can do so forever amongst
all the thieves and malefactors of Tartarus !

senseless excess, uncurbed Sybaritic obsessions !
sensual pleasure, caloric pleasure, egotistic pleasure –
everything ! at ! once !

more, more, more and more...

the ugliest of all human traits
are also the lowest-level common denominators
to our slow, boorish throngs sweating and swooning
in the perihelion of the human comet

yes ! boorish throngs and packs
of zombified gluttons roaming the Colosseum grounds
in search always for something worse, worse, worse... –

blood sport, gluttony, hedonic excess...
depravity prevails in Roman twilight !

how they feel their bondage, a privilege !
their chains and leashes, a gift of love !
never asking for anything more,
nor even conceiving thereof,
than the very bare minimum !
the bare minimum to be able
to keep on playing their dull games and pursuits
for the ultimate sensory pleasures of this world...

Roman majesty fell
as power bowed to flattery
and discipline to sloth....

...Penthesilea returned with the sword !

OBSERVANCE OF A KHLYST RITUAL

*"God may only fill a heart
already full to the brim –
and the soul's corruption is a devilest art
most heinous, dark and dim..."*

white flaxen shirts
airy like the habits of nuns
hang loose on the unclothed bodies
and are stained with menarche – the crusty textiles flow
in the autumnal breezes of a Muscovian hinterland

spirited sermons of a dimlit cellar !

Khlyst prayers echo in the flickering candlelight :
from the basement of a peasant lodge
explodes an energy of paranormal orbs...

sacred chanting erupts in the half-light –
corrupted verses of the Easter canon :

"seeing, we are gladdened, for Christ has risen !"

an egregious laughter and a magical circle
levitates them into fixation
and suspends them in the liminal

an old man of the slimmest stature, with joyful eyes light-colored –
we call him the local Christ – burp and eruct his carols to a bevy
fear-stricken below his pulpit : he whips himself with birch and cane
until the blood appears and runs from the wounds of flagellation
and from his home-made cilices of penance

the choir chants their prayers : their voices rise ever more savagely,
ever more fervently, ever more fiercely with every breath and moment !

some of them are already screaming and sobbing in their Passion !

the old man stops in his whirling and cries out wildly :

"brothers! brothers ! I feel it, the Holy Spirit !"

"God is within me !"

he begins to croak a wildest auspice !

belching incoherent tapestries of sounds
mixed into which were the human words :

"Oh, Spirit !"

"Oh, God !"

"Oh, Spirit, Oh, Lord !"

extremist sermons of glossolalia –

a dumpster fire rages
in the sewers of Kostroma

a thousand psalter-pages turned
and lit aflame

match-questions – gasoline truth !

this total disruption of mundane circuitry
collapses this "local Christ" into mad dances of abandon

he whirls and frolics as if possessed by an oriental demon,
by some great power beyond us all

and the masses start their disorganized dances,
and the voices tremble across hysterical pirouettes

the twirling of terrored congregants ! –

clawing, reaching in a kind of shameless desperation
for some iteration of a kind of Swedenborgian New Jerusalem !

the vicious and spiteful attacks on Tsarist power and nobility
and heretical blasphemies against the church patriarchy
are hurled without temperance through an air impenetrable,
filled to the brim with foreign presences

the worldly structures of a prosaic and temporal elite,
this illicit Tsardom of a false imperial idol :

their values, their hierarchy
and their doctrines of supremacy and conquest
reek of the Devil's piss !

their palaces and riches in amber and gold,
their systems of worldly power and control;
they all fail in this dimly lit cellar tonight –
in the observance of a Khlyst ritual !

all the gold and glitter of Gehinnom, all of its

Mammon-fires, false lights, shines
and shallow gleams and glimmers
mean **nothing** in the pitch-black tunnels of theology !

in the tunnels where broken men and women crawl
ever onward to the ultimate vacuity of Revelation

the ultimate surrender
to the inane and the insane
as methods of personal denouement
and Reckoning of the soul :

depression, inwardness, rumination –
solitude, asceticism and reclusion –
plight and mental illness !

psychosis – neurosis – hysteria –
reverence – ardor – duty – piety and faith !

faith is the highest passion bar none
in these wooden huts and dank cellars –
here is the conclusion of our sanctitude !

here is only the fanaticism of the true faith :
most won't travel this far – and none will travel farther !

it was said :

faith is the only bridge between man and mystery,
and the Khlystic Rite is the only bridge to connect
man to his faith

such was the devotion
of the Khristovover of Imperial Russia

such were the means and reaches
of their fanatic pietism

WAR & POETRY

a train of thought
that ends in cynicism at worst
and suicide at best
takes us on a journey
through drought and desert
and over denuded plains
 crossing
 like an arrow
through the aorta of sand and palm-trees
across abandoned heaths
and over oases of solace
into the mouth of storms

we are losing control

a seepage from the aquifer ! we drink
and drink
a water of Holy life !

subdued and scourged
we falter
with fellow men and women
into the grand arena
where everything dies—
but at least we are no longer parched !

enter colosseum
of nihilism !

eagle warriors, horse chariots
and slave-barbarians of the north

graceful lions !
and the clean, white bones of Christians...

Thraks, Bulgars, Teutons, Magyars
Goths, Picts, Swedes, Sarmates,
Sogdians, Parthians, Moors,
Basques, Huns, Cimmerians...

we are all congregated
and we can all—

we can all feel
the rotting sun
vomiting warmth
into our faces
as we shiver down there
after another bloodless victory
and it feels awkward, wrong

nothing matters
in the direct heat of the sun :
the sun burns all !

the dutiful warrior and the serf alike :
status, social credibility, reputation—
nothing stands out
in the abhorrent pools of death,
the whirlstorm of anonymity through eradication !
after you die—for a while—you are a memory
and after that memory fades—which it will—

you are nothing,
as if you never even happened
no trace, no memory... nothing !

and the emerging elegance
of self-harm and self-hatred,
and that certain corrosive quality
to alienation and isolation
which turns into madness slowly, in the long run

and it consoles the human being
abyssfalling inward into herself :
we are all curled under the same cane
like hounds in heat
and we all cry like too young girls
and we remember Natascha Kampusch
and pray for but a fraction of her strength

goaded with the irons of conformity
we are cuffed to the totem of modern culture
and as a consequence
we lose the ability to identify
with that which stands in opposition
to civilization in principle
(which is the Devil himself)

we lose ourselves in the absence
of intrinsical human pride
and in the study of the impossibly and endlessly
abstract in a strenuous pursuit of authenticity

a pursuit to become whole, to become fed on words,
and to contradict a future that is already laid out for us
with knuckles firm of war and of love, beauty and of poetry

my longsword glows like the crescent moon,
iron-scythe of sacrifice, harvester of souls !

we shall all die—

this is the greatest comfort i feel,
but only heroes shall die the death of the hero !

embrace martial ethic

become
gladiator of the void—

sing aloud the frenzied crescendo
of life itself :

the overcoming
and the struggle :

the destruction

of the enemy ! ! !

THE GREAT HUMAN BEING

the great human being and her constituencies
allow her to doubt her God, but unlike what modernity
and its dogma suggests, it, of course, leaves her also free
to believe in Him inasmuch as she is free not to

and i tend to believe that the great human being
is predisposed to care more for truth and the wisdom of truth
and for spirituality, family, love and honor,
than for ideological obsession, rational essentialism
and the great variety of its hundred many subsets and extremisms
strongly prevalent in our modern day and age

yes ! if two truths contradict each other,
do not simply assume that either one is fallacious *per se*,
but accept instead the two truths and embrace
the contradiction along with them, as if the glue binding them together,
for both one them stem from one the same Truth anyways !
it is by this very principle the great human being,
stereoscopic in his vision optically as well as spiritually,

can entertain both the one and the other,
whatever those things happen to be

the great human being
can observe two different images
and yet complement the one with the other,
as to understand them holistically,
to a wholeness, to a deeper depth

the great human being
can entertain the proposition
that there is such a thing
as fate and free will
at the same time

and the great human being ascribes to the world –
both the well-seen and the well-hidden –
properties of an ultimately senseless,
nevertheless, indeed spiritually approachable truth !

a truth completely detached from,
and unmoved by, the lowly prejudices
of the human being and the wishes and
fantasies of her heart

Aristotle so famously said,
that it is the mark of an educated mind
to be able to *entertain a thought*
without accepting it
and this is such a truth,
almost ridiculous in its undeniability !

the great human being forever walks
in cloaks and shadows :

everyone can
judge her —

only

G O D

does so
justly